The Famous and Renowned

HISTORY

Of the Memorable, but Unhappy

Hunting on *CHEVY-CHASE*,

BY

The River *TWEED* in *SCOTLAND*;

Together with the great and mortal Battles fought there, between the Lord *Piercy*, Earl of *Northumberland*, and his fifteen Hundred Engliſh Archers, and Earl *Dowglas*, with twenty Hundred Scottiſh Speats, in which both, with moſt of their Men, were Slain.

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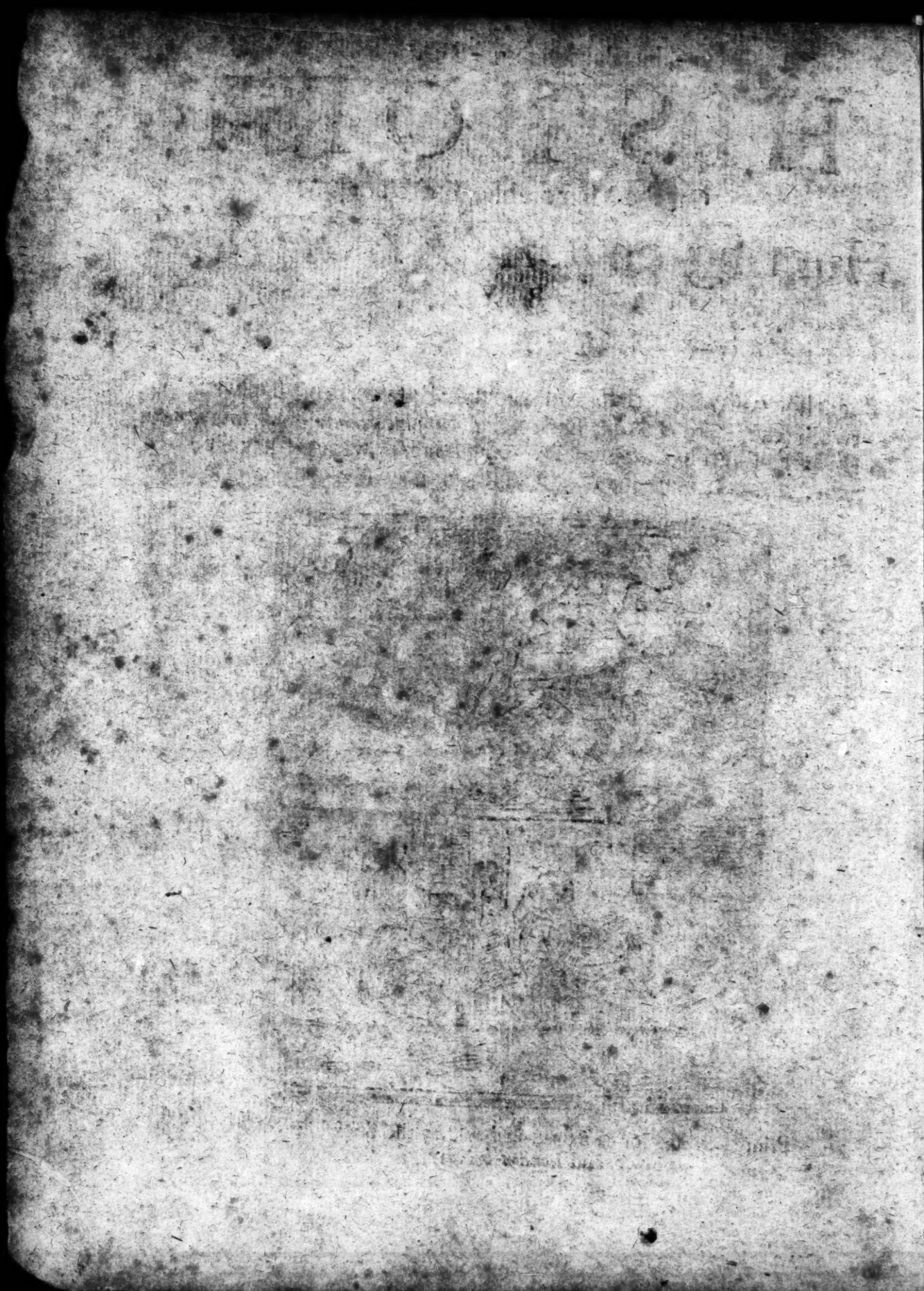

The History of the Hunting on *Chevy-Chase.*

Chap. I. *How the* Pierces *had that Name, and came to be Earls of* Northumberland; *how this Lord* Piercy, *the third Earl of the Descent in King* Henry *the Second's Reign, made a Vow to hunt three Days in* Chevy-Chase, *and with his Archers passed the* Tweed.

THe noble Family of the *Pierces*, Earl of *Northumberland*, have had a high Esteem amongst the English Nobility, and for their Valour and noble Exploits famed not only in our History, but throughout the World: I might give you a large account of the Descent of that noble Earl, who is to be a chief part of the Subject of the following Story; however, by the way, I must tell you, that History records him for the fortunate Valour of a couragious Knight, who kill'd the King of Scots by running his Spear into his Eye as he was besieging *Roxborough* Castle, and his other Name was chang'd, and that of *Piercy* given together with the Earldom of *Northumberland*, and to the first Earl. This Earl, of whom I now treat, was Grand-son and Heir both of his Virtues and Valour. But to come nearer to the intended Purpose: The noble Earl of *Northumberland* taking his Progress, gallantly attended with fifteen hundred stout Archers, passed on to the Marches of *Scotland*, of which by Commission from the King, he was to have been Lord-Lieutenant, and wishing for some Venison at a Dinner, he was informed that in a curious Forrest beyond the *Tweed*, called *Chevy-Chase*, belonging to Earl *Dowglas*, a Scotch Nobleman, there was such Store of it that the like was in no part of the Kingdom; and Provision being scarce on the English side on those Borders, this Report made his Men so forward, that they desired they might go out in Parties, and bring as much as they could away undiscovered: But he despising such a way that look'd too much like Deer-stealing, told them, if their Courage was sufficient to venture for it fairly,

he would venture with them; and so hunting it down as a fair Game, it should be brought off with Honour as a lawful Prize taken in an Enemy's Country: For then King *Henry* the Second of *England*, in whose Reign it hapned, there was a Rupture with the Scots, though there had been for a while an Interval or Cessation of Arms.

To this Motion of the Noble Earl's they gave their unanimous Consent by throwing up their Caps, with a loud Shout: and so the Earl made a vow, That for three Days he would take his Pleasure in hunting on *Chevy-Chase*; and thereupon sending for his Dogs and Toils, early on a Midsummer Morning they passed the *Tweed*, and were by a Guide directed to the Place, which was about six Miles nearer *Edenborough*: So to the Game they went; The Dogs were put in to rouse the Harts, the Horns sounded, and the Huntsmens Shouts, with the Dogs Cries made a pleasant Noise; yet the Villagers thinking it had been the Sound of War on some sudden Invasion, were so terrified, that many of them fled with what they could carry away, for fear of being plunder'd; and with their groundless Fears alarm'd the Country many Miles, putting all into a Consternation and Confusion.

Chap. II. *How they killed a great many Deer; and at Supper-time Earl* Dowglas *sent a threatning Message to command them to depart; and the stout Answer Earl* Piercy *returned: Also the Preparations for the Fight made on both sides.*

THe Harts and Roes, though as swift in their running as the Wind, could not, however outstrip the English Arrows, our Archers laying some Scores of them on the Ground, so that they had killed such store of Venison, that they began to be in doubt how they should be able to carry it away. This happened on the first Day; yet having refreshed themselves with the fat Haunches and Sides in the Evening, making Fires, and roasting it in the Forrest, there being such a number of them, they found their Store much lessened.

But

But whilſt the Earl was at Supper with divers Knights, Eſquires and Gentlemen, on a Table of Boards laid on Supporters of Turf, and ſitting on Seats raiſed on Turf-banks, ſuch Accommodation as the rural Place would afford, at the Cloſe of it, juſt as he was about to give Order to the Huntſmen to begin the Sport the next Morning with the Sun-riſing, in came a Meſſenger in a ſcarlet Livery, laced with Gold, and a Badge of Arms on a Plate of Silver, faſtned on his Breaſt: This ſpoke him to be ſent by ſome Perſon of Quality; whereupon the Earl commanding Silence, demanded from whom he came, or what his Buſineſs was. Upon which he thus began with a haughty Mein:

Sir, ſaid he, *whoever you are I know not; but my Maſter, the noble, valiant and always victorious Earl* Dowglas, *chief Ranger to the King of* Scotland, *and to whom theſe Parks and Chaſes belong, hearing you have boldly preſumed to enter them, and deſtroy his Deer without Leave or Conſent; by me tells you, That if you do not ſuddenly depart, your Lives ſhall pay for the Injury you have done, before to Morrow Noon.*

This being denounc'd, he was about to depart, but the undaunted Earl *Piercy* taking him by the Sleive, ſaid, *It is but convenient you ſhould carry an Anſwer back to your Lord; And that is this, Tell him my Name is* Piercy, *a Name at whith* Scotland *has trembled; and that I am of ſo true Engliſh Courage, that Threats are in vain to terrifie me. Tell him moreover, I have propoſed to take my Pleaſure in theſe Forreſts and Chaſes for two Days longer; and if he be Valiant, as you ſay, let him hinder my Sport if he be ſo bold as to attempt it, at the Hazard of his Life.*

Upon this, the Meſſenger departed with ſpeed to the Scotch Earl, who lay at *Edenborough*, and related what was given him in Charge by Earl *Piercy*; at which the Scotch Man ſtormed and fretted, walking up and down in a great Fury, muttering Revenge, and all manner of Puniſhments on thoſe he ſhould take Priſoners; he diligently enquired the Number of the Engliſh: But the Meſſenger could give him no certain Account, only gueſſed (for many of them were in diſtant Parts of the Wood, when he delivered what he had in Charge) there might be

about

about ten or twelve hundred Men; whereupon he ordered his Horse and Armour, which was guilded with Gold, to be got ready against Morning-light; also all his Friends and Servants, together with as many as made up two thousand Spear-men to be mustered; without letting them know what Design he had in hand; however, they disputed not to obey him, as having next the King the chief Command of the Kingdom.

Chap. III. *How the Earl* Piercy *begun the second Day's Hunting; but upon Notice of* Dowglas's *Approach, he called in the Hunters, drew up his Men, and made a famous Speech to encourage them, and received their unanimous Shouts in Conclusion.*

THe noble Earl of *Northumberland*, though in an Enemy's Country far from any Succour, yet relying on his own, and his Mens Courage, who were the choicest Archers of *England*, was so far from being daunted, though he might reasonably expect a greater Number against him, that he ordered the Tables a second time to be spread, and Store of Wine went round, which they had brought with them in great Plenty. Healths went round to the King, the Earl, and to the Prosperity of their Sport the next Day; and then seting scouts, reposed themselves.

The Sun no sooner gilded our Horizon with his saluting Rays of Light, and the early Lark mounting on high, turned her melodious notes, but the Sport was renew'd and the Woods, Forrest, Plains and Hills resounded with the pleasing Noise of Hounds and Men; so that altogether they made a very curious Harmony. This Morning they killed a very stately Hart, the largest that had been seen in the Kingdom; whereupon the Huntsmen run to call the Earl to the Quarry that he might be pleased at the sight; which accordingly he was present at; protesting he had never seen the like in his Life. Then remembring the Message sent him over Night, he turned to a Knight on his left Hand, saying, *The time*, Sir Knight, *draws near, that if Earl* Dowglas *keeps his Word, we shall have another kind of Sport to undertake*; he

he promiſed this Morning to make us a Viſit: Therefore let it be your Care to keep our Men together, that they ſcatter not, leſt ſome of them may be ſurpriz'd and oppreſſed by Odds of Number, for Man to Man, ſaid he, *I fear them not againſt any Nation under Heaven: But if I thought he would not come, we would remove hence to the next Forreſt, for thither, I perceive, moſt of the Deer, frighted from this Forreſt, are fled.* He had no ſooner uttered theſe Words, but his Eſquire, *Witherington* by Name, came haſtily to him, ſaying, My Noble Lord, *Cauſe the Dogs immediately to be called off, and muſter up your bold Archers; for from yonder Hill I ſaw Earl* Dowglas *coming directly towards you, though yet about two Miles diſtant, having a great Troop of Spear-men, which I cannot gueſs leſs than two Thouſand.*

I thank thee heartily, replyed the Earl, *for this News; and doubt not thy Courage, which I have ſeen tryed in ſo many Dangers.* At this the Eſquire bowing low, ſaid, *My Lord, I doubt not ſo to behave my ſelf this Day, that living or dead, I ſhall be remembered to future Ages.*

Immediately hereupon the Horns blew a Retreat, the Dogs were called off, the Toils taken up, and the valiant Archers muſtered about their noble Leader; who fired their Courage with the following Oration:

My renowned Country-Men, and Fellows in Arms, always Victorious in Battle, ſtill triumphing in the Spoils of your Enemies: It was with your Conſent we paſſed the Tweed *for Sport and Recreation; but that is ſuddenly like to be diſturbed, and we have another Work to undertake;* Earl Dowglas, *who owns this Chaſe and Forreſt, has ſent me a Challenge, and is now going to give us Battle, or ſhamefully to make us fly over the* Tweed: *Pluck up your Spirits then, and conſider you are Engliſh Men, that* Piercy *fights at the Head of you, who never, either in* France *or* Scotland, *feared the Face of any; be Couragious then, and for the Honour of our King, the Renown of our Country, living or dying with me, gain a laſting Fame and Memory, that ſhall not end, but with Time it ſelf, and Renown you to all Poſterity.*

Having

Having ſaid thus much, they all ſhouted ſo loud in token of Conſent and lively Courage, that the Hills and Dales ſent back the Ecchoes of their Voice, and immediately fell into Order, pruning their Arrows, and new-ſtringing their Bows made of truſty Yew.

Chap. IV. *How Earl* Dowglas *bravely mounted, and in gilded Armour, came down with his Men into* Chevy-Chaſe; *how a ſingle Combat between the two Earls, to ſave their Mens Lives, was proffered, but hinared by* Witherington.

THe bold Engliſh Archers in number fifteen hundred, were no ſooner in Readineſs, but Earl *Dowglas* appeared on the Top of the Hill that deſcended into the Plain whereon Earl *Piercy* ſtood, mounted on a ſtately White Steed, and his gilded Armour reflecting the Sun-beams ſhewed very glorioufly, and his Men immediately appeared in order behind him, with their glittering Spears, ſo that their number was computed juſt two thouſand.

Upon this Earl *Piercy* taking a Leading-ſtaff in his Hand, and a truſty Sword by his ſide, cauſed his Men to move forward by ſlow paces, whilſt he marched in the Front: By this time Earl *Dowglas* being come within forty Paces, ſternly demanded, *Whoſe Men they were that durſt ſo boldly preſume to hunt in his Forreſt, and kill his Deer; and that whoever they were, ſince they had dar'd to do it, they muſt expect to be ſeverely puniſhed; commanding them to yield immediately as his Priſoners, if they expected Mercy from him.*

Upon this the noble Engliſh Earl, enraged with a generous Fury and Diſdain, ordering his Men to halt, went nearer, ſaying, *Earl* Dowglas, *it matters not whoſe Men we are; but ſuch you will find us, that what we have done, we will juſtifie, and what Deer we have kill'd, we will carry away, or leave our own Bodies dead behind us, which ſhall coſt very dear in the Blood of thoſe that dare oppoſe us.*

This being ſpoken with an undaunted Reſolution, made *Dowglas* grow a little calmer; *O*, ſaid he, *I know thee, Lord* Piercy;

now

now thou art a Peer, an Earl as well as I; therefore if thou art as Brave as Fame reports thee, what need we destroy our Men by ingaging them in this Combate, the Quarrel being properly between you and me; let our Swords decide it in single Combate?

This unexpected Offer overjoyed the Noble *Piercy*, and drawing his victorious Sword, bid Defiance to the Challenger, wishing those accursed, that hindred this Agreement. But it could not be; Fate had involved many more Lives in this Quarrel than the two Earls; for *Witherington*, a valiant English Squire, standing by the Earl when this Combate was about to begin, clapt between them with his Sword, and made a Stand, saying, *My noble Lord, it shall never be told to* Henry *our King to shame us, that we let you fight, under whose Command we are, whilst we stood looking on: How should we be reproached with Cowardice, if this were suffered or known? With hearts and hands we are ready to live or dye in your Cause; and therefore whilst I am able to stand, more Swords than two shall try it.* Earl *Piercy*, though grieved at this Hindrance, seeing all his Men resolute, and of the same Opinion, crying out, *They would not hazard their noble Earl in single Combate, but fight with him, and for him, to the last Drop of their blood*; found himself constrained to yield to their Importunities; and so both sides immediately were ordered to make ready for the Battle.

Chap. V. *How the mortal Battle began by the* English Archers, *who slew sixty Scots at the first Flight of Arrows, and continued with such Fury, that all the place was paved with dead, and dying Men; how the two Earls after a cruel Fight were slain, with the manner of it, &c.*

THE English Archers on the left Division immediately sent a Flight of fatal Arrows, which laid threescore of the Scots dead on the place; and the right Division letting fly on the Flank of their Battalion, gauled them most miserably, Earl *Dowglas* seeing his Men discouraged to be killed so at distance, and that another Vollue might put them into Disorder, commanded them speedily to advance, and come to a close Fight; by which means he thought to render the English Bows, which was their chiefest

Weapons, useless; but in this he was deceived, for they kept such excellent Order, that whenever the Front opened, the Archers behind feather'd the Scots with Showers of deadly Arrows, whilst the others kept them in play with their Swords; however, both being furious, they fought desperately, insomuch that the Ground was cover'd with dead, and dying Men, Arrows, shivers of Spears, broken Swords, and streams of Blood; nothing was heard but confus'd Noises, Groans and Cries.

And now Earl *Piercy* being backed by divers Knights and Esquires, Men at Arms, *&c.* out of the Tops of the Enemy's Spears pointed against him, and like a Tempest broke in amongst them with such Fury and Slaughter, that he laid heaps of dead on either hand, and before him, so that his way was in a manner Roped with the Carcasses of the Slain, which raised a great Cry about him, insomuch that Earl *Dowglas*, who was fighting on the other side, and had signaliz'd his Valour very much, was forced to give over, and come to the succour of his broken Forces; where these two Earls met like two enraged Lyons; no Armour was Proof against their Well-temper'd Swords, so that by the mighty stroaks they gave each other, it fell Piece-meal to the Ground; the Place they fought on was sprinkled with noble Blood; and Earl *Dowglas* hereupon beginning to faint, yet ashamed to yield, thus bespake Earl *Piercy*:

Noble Lord, You see your Blood flows fast, and Death you cannot 'scape, if you contend with me much longer; I therefore in pity to your Life, would have you yield yourself my Prisoner; you shall be nobly used, and I'll prefer you with *James* our King, by making him sensible of your Worth and Courage.

To this Earl *Piercy* replyed with a sorrowful smile, As for my Life, take you no care, but surely guard your own; my Honour I prefer before all things on Earth, and it never shall be said, that *Piercy* yielded to a Scot. Whilst they paus'd a little on these Words, and were again renewing the Fight, an Arrow coming from among the Ranks of the Archers, ended that

Com-

Combat, by piercing Earl *Dowglas* to the Heart; who thereupon falling to the Ground, his last Words, with a faint and dying Voice, were, *Fight on my merry Men, revenge my Death, for I am slain, and* Piercy *lives to see me fall.*

The noble Earl *Piercy* on the fall of brave *Dowglas* by such an unwished, or unexpected way, was much troubled for his Death, and to be deprived of the Honour of the Conquest he expected, laboured to raise him from the Ground, that he might send him out of the Battle, to have his Wounds dressed, if peradventure his Life might be in him; but finding him dead, he much bemoaned him, commending, like a generous Enemy, his Valour, and wishing he had, or could have done any thing to save him: But whilst he was lamenting his Death, his own was near at hand; for the noise being carried through the Battle, that Earl *Dowglas* was slain; Sir *Hugh Montgomery*, who was *Dowglas*'s chief Favourite, putting his Spears in his Wrest, and vowing Revenge, broke through the Rank, and whilst the noble *Piercy*'s Thoughts were imploy'd on the dead Earl, he came behind him at Unawares and run him quite through the Body, so that he fell on Earl *Dowglas*; and only having time to encourage his Men, gave up the Ghost: But was not long unreveng'd, for an English Archer perceiving what had happened, drew an Arrow up to the head, which proved a sure Messenger of Death, for it passed quite through *Montgomery*'s Body, so that the Feathers of the Arrow were wet in his Heart's Blood.

Chap. VI. *How the Battle, after the Death of the noble Chiefs, continued till but fifty five of the Scots, and fifty three of the English, were left alive, it holding a whole Summer's Day; of the Lamentation the Widows made over their dead Husbands, and the Revenge for the Earl's death,* &c.

THough the Chiefs were slain, the Fight continued with great Fury, being spurred on with Courage and Desire of Revenge, either side scorning to yield, though the Sun declined, and Night was hasting on a pace, it having held almost a whole

Summer's Day, till in the end thoſe few that were left alive, were ſo wounded and wearied, that they were conſtrained to part by Conſent: Eighteen hundred forty three of the Scots being killed, ſo that of the two Thouſand there remained but fifty five; and of the Engliſh but fifty three, ſo fatal and deſperate were theſe two ſmall Armies, contending for the Honour of either Nation, more than for any thing elſe. *Witherington* eſpecially in this Action behaved himſelf as he had promiſed, for a Scot coming behind him with a mighty broad Sword, and cutting his Legs off, he raiſed himſelf on his bleeding Stumps with his Hands, and pierced his Enemy, who had ſo wounded him to the Heart, and ſo continued fighting, till through loſs of Blood, he fainted and dyed.

Beſides theſe of Note dyed in this Battle, Sir *John Ogerton*, Sir *Robert*, Sir *John*, and Sir *James Ratcliff*, three valiant Brothers, and of a noble Family; alſo Sir *George*, and Sir *James Tyrell*, Father and Son, and Sir *Ralph Raby*, all gallant Engliſh Men.

And of the Scots of Note beſides Sir *Hugh Montgomery*, Sir *Charles Currel*, Sir *Charles Murrel*, and his Siſter's Son alſo, Sir *David Lamb*, a Man Valiant, and of great Council, much beloved by the whole Nation; but nothing in this mortal Battle could reſcue him from Death; there fell likewiſe the Lord *Markwell*, Lord of a Clan in the High-lands of that Name. Nor was this Few'd ſcarce ended when the Bell rung to Evening-ſong, the woful News of this bloody Day being known to the Widows of theſe Perſons that were ſlain, they came running with doleful Cries, torn Hair, and Garments, each ſearching among the Dead for her Husband's Corps; and no ſooner finding it, but falling on it, kiſſed the cold Lips a hundred times, and bathed the pale Face in Tears, with ſuch piteous Cries and Groans, as would have pierc'd any Heart to have heard: But the Extremity of Sorrow being over, the dead Bodies were removed, and decently buryed according to their Degree; the whole Kingdom of *Scotland* Mourning for the loſs of Earl *Douglas*, and ſo many valiant Men with him on ſo trivial a Quarrel; the King affirming, that he had not ſuch another brave Man in his Kingdom,

This

This ſad News coming to King *Henry*'s Court, he was ſorry for it, declaring the Earl *Piercy* to be a very brave Man, yet doubted not but he had within his Realm five hundred as brave and valiant Men as he; yet ſent for his Body, and cauſed it honourably to be interred amongſt his Anceſtors; vowing however to revenge his Death on the Scottiſh Nation; and ſo concluding his Wars with *France*, he entered the Country with a great Army, waſting it with Fire and Sword, which War continued for many Years, till the Queen of Scots dying, the King of Scots marryed King *Henry*'s Daughter, which put an end to it during his Reign.

An Unhappy, but Memorable SONG of the hunting on Chevy-Chase, between Earl Piercy of England, and Earl Dowglas of Scotland.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame, &c.*

GOd prosper long our noble King,
our lives and safties all,
A woful hunting once there did,
in *Chevy-Chase* befal:
To drive the Dear with hound and horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way,
The Child may rue that was unborn,
the hunting of that Day.
The stout Earl of *Northumberland*,
a Vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish Woods,
three Summer's Days to take,
The chiefest Harts in *Chevy-Chase*,
to kill and bear away;

The

The Memorable Hunting *on* Chevy-Chase.

The tydings to Earl *Dowglas* came,
in *Scotland* where he lay;
Who ſent Earl *Piercy* preſent word,
he would prevent his Sport;
The Engliſh Earl not fearing this,
did to the Woods reſort;
With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
all choſen Men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need,
to aim their Shafts aright.
The gallant Grey-hounds ſwiftly ran,
to chaſe the Fallow deer;
On *Monday* they began to hunt,
when Day-light did appear;

And long before high Noon they had
a hundred fat Bucks ſlain,
Then having din'd, the Drivers went
to rouze them up again.

The

The Bow-men muſter'd on the Hills,
well able to endure,
Their Backſides all with ſpecial Care,
that Day were guarded ſure.
The hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the Woods,
the nimble Deer to take.
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
an Eccho ſhrill did make.
Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
to view the tender Deer,
Quoth he, Earl *Dowglas*, promiſed
this Day to meet me here:
If that I thought he would not come,
no longer would I ſtay.
With that a brave young Gentleman,
thus to the Earl did ſay,
Lo yonder doth Earl *Dowglas* come,
his Men in Armour bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottiſh Spears,
all marching in our ſight,
All Men of pleaſant *Tividale*,
faſt by the River *Tweed*.
Then ceaſe your Sport Earl *Piercy* ſaid,
and take your Bows with ſpeed:
And now with me, my Country Men,
your Courage forth advance,
For never was there Champion yet,
in *Scotland* or in *France*,
That ever did on Horſe-back come,
but ſince my hap it were,
I durſt encounter Man for Man,
with him to break a Spear.
Earl *Douglas* on a Milk-white Steed,
moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company,
whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold:

Shew me, he ſaid, whoſe Men you be,
that hunt ſo boldly here,
That without my Conſent do chaſe,
and kill my Fallow-deer?
The Man that firſt did anſwer make,
was noble *Piercy* he,
Who ſaid, We liſt not to declare,
nor ſhew whoſe Men we be;
Yet we will ſpend our deareſt Blood,
thy chiefeſt Harts to ſlay.
Then *Dowglas* ſwore a ſolemn Oath,
and thus in Rage did ſay,
E're thus I will Out-braved be,
one of us two ſhall dye;
I know thee well, and Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy* ſo am I.
But truſt me *Piercy*, pity it were,
and great Offence to kill,
And of theſe our harmleſs Men.
for they have done no Ill.
Let thee and I the Battel try,
and ſet our Men aſide.
Accurſt be he, Lord *Piercy* ſaid,
by whom this is deny'd.
Then ſtept a gallant 'Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,
Who ſaid, I would not have it told,
to *Henry* our King for ſhame.
That e're my Captain fought on Foot,
and I ſtood looking on,
You be two Earls, ſaid *Witherington*,
and I a 'Squire alone,
I'll do the beſt that do I may,
while I have Power to ſtand,
While I have Power to wield my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand,

The Memorable Hunting on Chevy-Chase.

Our Engliſh Archers bent their Bows,
their Hearts were good and true,
At the firſt ſlight of Arrows ſent,
full threeſcore Scots they flew.
To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Dowglas* had the bent.
A Captain moved with mickle Pride,
the Spears to ſhivers ſent:
They clos'd full faſt on every ſide,
no ſlackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman
lay gaſping on the Ground.
O Chriſt! It was great Grief to ſee,
and likewiſe for to hear,
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
and ſcattered here and there.
At laſt theſe two ſtout Earls did meet,
like Captains of great might,

Like Lyons mov'd they laid on load,
and made a cruel Fight;

They

They fought until they both did ſweat,
with Swords of tempered Steel,
Until the Blood like drops of Rain,
they trickling down did feel:
Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Dowglas* ſaid,
in Faith I will thee bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
by *James* our Scottiſh King;
Thy Ranſom I will freely give,
and thus Report of thee,
Thou art the moſt Couragious Knight,
that ever I did ſee.
To *Dowglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
Thy Proffer I do ſcorn,
I will not yield to any Scot,
that ever yet was born.
With that there came an Arrow keen,
out of an Engliſh Bow,
Which ſtruck Earl *Dowglas* to the Heart,
a deep and deadly blow,
Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe,
Fight on, my merry Men all,
For why, my Life is at an end,
Lord *Piercy* ſees my fall.
Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
the dead Man by the hand,
And ſaid, Earl *Dowglas*, for thy Life,
would I had loſt my Land.
O Chriſt! my very Heart doth bleed,
with Sorrow for thy ſake;
But ſure a more renowned Knight,
miſchance did ever take.
A Knight amongſt the Scots there was,
which ſaw Earl *Dowglas* dye,
Who ſtraight in Wrath did vow Revenge
upon the Earl *Piercy*:

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
who with a ſpear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
ran fiercely through the Fight,
And paſs'd the Engliſh Archers all,
without all dread or fear,
And through Earl *Piercy*'s body then,
he thruſt his hateful ſpear,
With ſuch a vehement force and might,
he did his body gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide,
a large Cloath-yard and more.
So thus did both theſe Nobles dye,
whoſe courage none could ſtain,
An Engliſh Archer then perceiv'd,
the noble Earl was ſlain,
He had a bow bent in his hand,
made of a truſty Tree,
An Arrow of a Cloath-yard long,
unto the Head drew he,
Againſt Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
ſo right his ſhaft he ſet,
The Grey-gooſe-wing that was thereon,
in his Heart's blood was wet.
This fight did laſt from break of day,
till ſetting of the Sun,
For when they rung the Evening bell,
the battle ſcarce was done:
With the Earl *Piercy* there was ſlain,
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron;
And with Sir *George*, and good Sir *James*,
both Knights of good Account,
Good *Sir Ralph Rabby* there was ſlain,
whoſe Proweſs did ſurmount.

For *Whitherington* then muſt I wail,
as one in doleful Dumps,
For when his Legs were ſmitten off,
he fought upon his ſtumps.
And with Earl *Dowglas* there was ſlain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Currel, that from the Field,
one Foot he would not fly,
Sir Charles Murrel of *Ratcliff* too,
his ſiſter's ſon was he,
Sir David Lamb ſo well eſteem'd,
yet ſaved could not be,
And the Lord *Markwell* in likewiſe,
did with Earl *Dowglas* dye,
Of twenty hundred ſcottiſh ſpears,
ſcarce fifty five did fly.
Of fifteen hundred Engliſh Men,
went home but fifty three,
The reſt were ſlain in *Chevy Chaſe*,
under the Green-wood Tree.
Next day did many Widows come,
their Husbands to bewail,
They waſh'd their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
but all would not prevail:
Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
they bore with them away,
They kiſt them dead a thouſand times,
when they were clad in Clay.
This News was brought to *Edenborough*.
where *Scotland*'s King did Reign,
That brave Earl *Dowglas* ſuddenly
was with an Arrow ſlain:
O heavy News, King *James* did ſay,
Scotland can Witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more,
of ſuch Account as he.

Like

Like Tydings to King *Henry* came,
within as ſhort a ſpace,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*,
was ſlain in *Chevy-Chaſe*:
Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
ſith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Realm,
five hundred as good as he;
Yet ſhall not Scot nor *Scotland* ſay,
but I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
for brave Lord *Piercy*'s ſake.
This Vow full well the King perform'd,
after one *Humble-down*,
For one and fifty Knights were ſlain,
with Lords of great Renown:
And of the beſt of ſmall Account,
did many hundreds dye:
Thus ended the hunting on *Chevy-Chaſe*,
made by the Earl *Piercy*.
God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land,
in Plenty, Joy and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate,
'twixt Noblemen may ceaſe.

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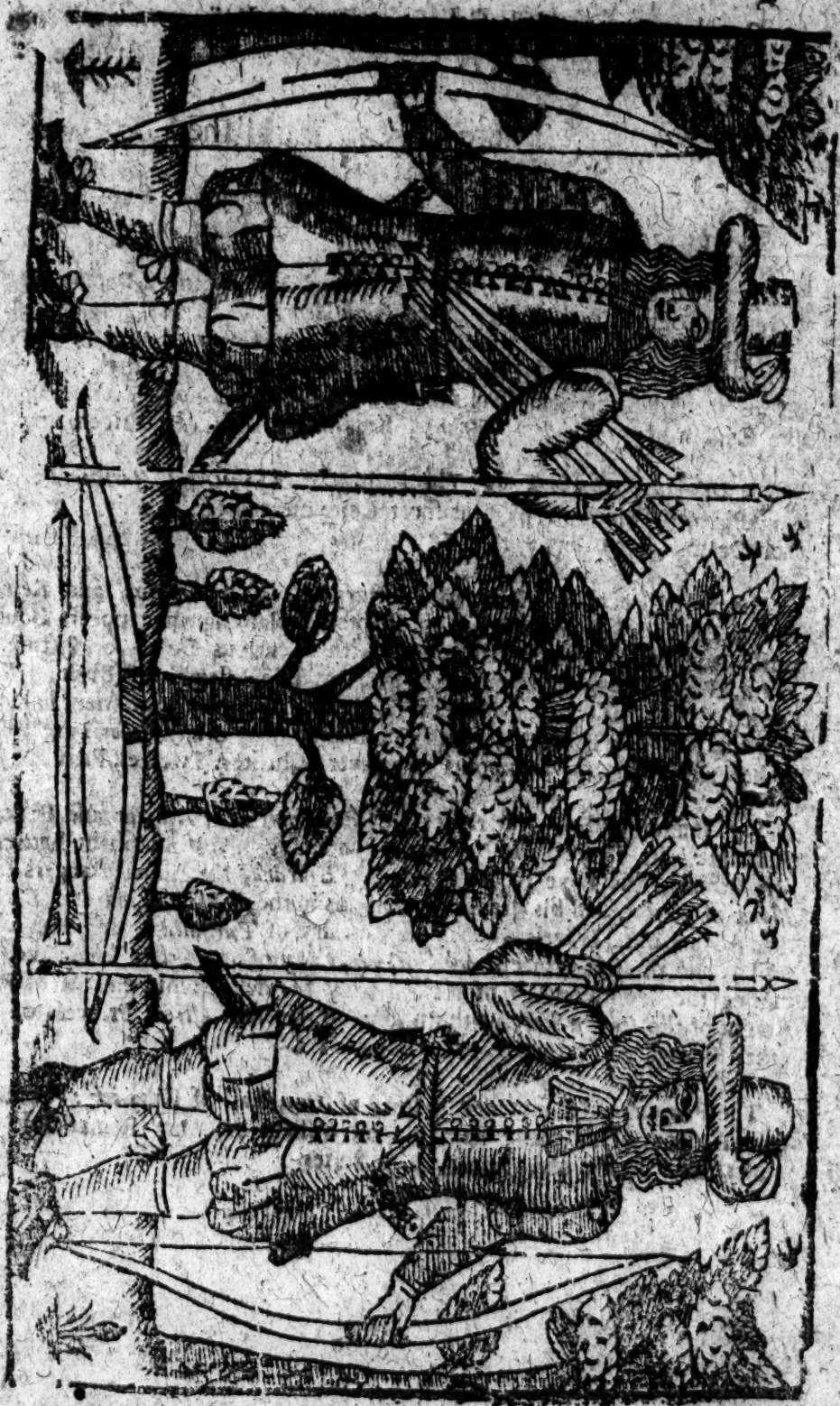
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